



# Apocalypse Rising



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## Chapter 1 by Kallaway Haystings

I couldn't make anything out in the pitch black darkness. But I didn't need to. In the caves all you had to do was listen. In some deep cavern you could hear the drip of water splash against damp rock. Small reptilian claws scuttled on the floor of the caves, and if you listened hard enough you could just make out the sounds of the creatures that lived in the darkest and outer most parts of the network of tunnels that made up the Underground. Guttural growls and booms of shifting rocks as the creatures moved along the passageway. Creeping silently forward I placed my hand on the cave wall, checking for any large disturbance, but the tunnel was quiet and still. Breathing deeply, I checked for any smell of decay. Rotting flesh could be hard to identify under the stifling haze of heavy fog and algae. As well as other plant life that lived in the lower level of the maze. A rotting smell meant that there where Cursed around.

In the early days of earths Top evacuation, when what was left of the humans had retreated underground, they had found us. An ancient race called the Kalrymeir. We had graciously let the humans have their own tunnels, but what we didn't know was that Humans also brought a plague. For the next fifty years it killed off nearly half of my people. I say killed, but the plague left those infected cursed, to forever feed on living flesh till they finally decayed and rotted to

nothing. We blamed the Humans, and have lived separately ever since, although the Elders of both species kept trade routes open. See more of Story Wars now made up of different sections of The Maze.

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Each section of maze was connected by small tunnel trading routes, or Neutral Zones, as we called them. But getting to them was the hard part. The journey itself took over five days to

traverse. Each Trader Party was made of not only the traders and goods themselves, but also the Guard. I was part of the guard, a Scout actually. There were sixteen guards total, twelve stayed with the caravan and four of us scouted North, South, East and West for potential danger or possible ambush. If a threat was found it was to be dealt with, or not be seen and fall back for help.

After making sure there was no telltale sign of the Cursed, I slowly started walking again, but there was something else. A rattle-like hissing sound, faint, but there. Cursing, I crouched low and drew out my two short curved daggers. Leaning forward, I strained for any other sounds. My convoy was at least two days out, and backup was at least two hours away scouting other tunnels.

It was just me.

## Chapter 2 by Glowpy-Druglord



Snarling accompanied my growls as I picked up the scent of something nearby, prey was what I identified it as. I was a man made creature, a robot of unimaginable intelligence, of hunting abilities. Yet I acted like a savage brainless animal untamed by man. I stretched my jaws open, letting out another savage growl as my tail rattled against the ground like a snake. If it was a human, I was going to enjoy ripping them apart. I was what the humans called an armored panther from hell but much, much worse. I sprang out from the shadow, my roar shaking the tunnel. I was met by a Kalrymeir, I frowned slightly. I sniffed him once then wrinkled my nose. Damn, another one of these freaks.

"Where are the humans?" I demanded in my processed raspy voice. I unsheathed long curved claws. "I would love to kill them....I mean meet them." I stared him down with cold red eyes that had no compassion, no intent of peace. I was very impatient and I wanted blood.

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